Woodwind

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WOODWIND

AN
ARTS
PAPER

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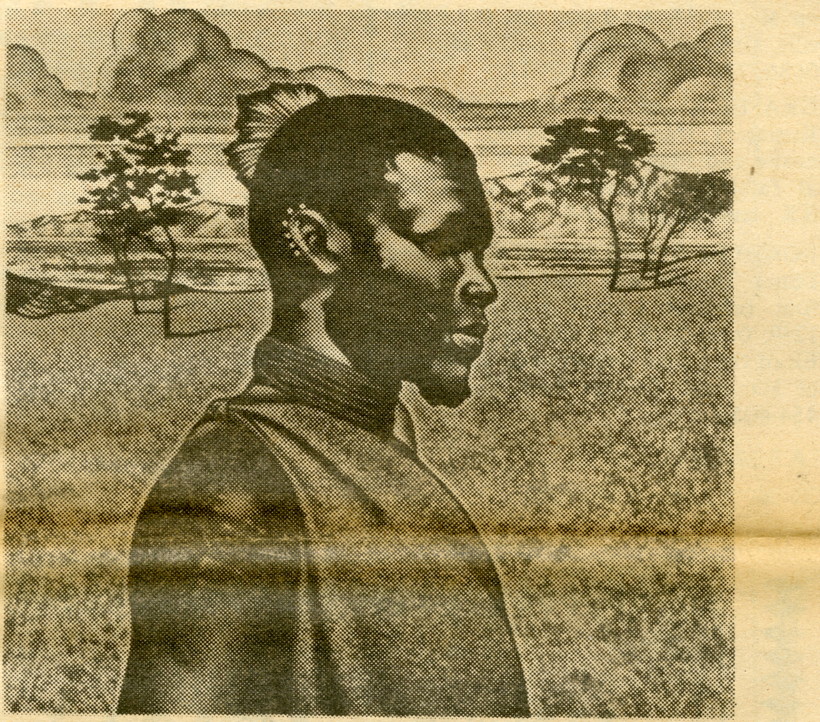
Forgetting To Be Human:

Colin Turnbull and the Ik



By Richard Harrington

In 1964, anthropologist Colin Turnbull found himself on the edge of the Kidepo Valley in the northeasternmost corner of Uganda. His goal was to study a nomadic, hunter-gatherer tribe thought to be called the "Teuso." This tribe, through the conversion of their former hunting grounds into a National Game Reserve, were forced to adopt a social system completely alien to their experience – were forced to give up the hunt and were shunted to barren lands with the admonition to become farmers.

In less than 50 years – three generations – the Ik (for that was the tribe's real name) have, in a sense, adapted. But at the cost of practically every value that we attribute to human beings. The Ik have dispensed with love, co-operation and concern. They have forsaken any displays of emotion that could be interpreted as kind or compassionate. They have assumed a totally selfish method of survival that sees them indifferent to any concern but their own. The Ik are insensitive to the life struggles of even their own families. Children steal food from the mouths of old people. Parents starve children to death, children who might only have asked for love. Sons deny food to dying fathers, husbands deny water to thirsting wives, the living deny dignity to the dead.

In the November issue of *Smithsonian*, John Calhoun points out three strikes against the Ik which contributed to their "dehumanization." First, the shift from a mobile hunter-gatherer life system to the more sedentary farming way made the tribe's beliefs, habits and traditions irrelevant. Secondly, whereas in their former life style they had been accustomed to a choice and freedom in contact, the Ugandan government's resettling of the tribe forced a density, a crowding together and a frequency of contact totally opposed to the Ik's previous habits. Finally, to cap off the total shift in life style, the Ik were forbidden to hunt and, being totally unused to farming (particularly since the terrain made farming all but impossible) were further saddled with almost constant hunger and starvation. If ever the lack of a straw broke the camel's back, this was it.

After living among the Ik for two years, Colin Turnbull came away obviously affected. It was not until almost four years later that he could even begin to piece together the experience. The result is a very important book, *The Mountain People* (Simon & Schuster, 309 pages, $7.95, hardback). As is the case with much modern anthropology, the book is very readable for the layman, chillingly so, for Turnbull has pointed out social breakdowns in Western society (and particularly in America) that are rapidly approaching Ik parallels.

The comments by Colin Turnbull that comprise this piece are from an interview conducted in Washington during a recent visit by the author. The few excerpts from the book are merely intended as illustrations for particular points.

I asked Turnbull about the long delay in the writing and publishing of *The Mountain People*:

I think if you have a very intense field experience and you are the kind of anthropologist in a situation where you live right in a society, you really begin to become a part of the society. To write about it with any degree of clarity or objectivity, it takes quite a long time to withdraw. This was a very difficult subject to write about. I didn't know quite how to deal with it. It was really only when I was back in the Congo in 1970 (I was back with the Pygmies for two years, the first time I had been back in 12 years) that it really struck me that this is what the Ik were most certainly like, in terms of their character, their inter-dependence, personal relations, co-operativeness: in other words, all the human qualities. What had happened to the Ik in 50 years could just as easily have happened to the Pygmies. Then I got involved with the Congolese government in their program for social change in the Ituri forest and got drawn into a conference, in fact, organized a conference discussing social change with the Congolese government and some scholars. Then all of a sudden, the Ik book began to come into my head – the experience as a way of presenting it as a book. That's where it was actually written – in the middle of the Ituri forest.

At one point in the book Turnbull wrote that he had hoped the Ik would stay isolated until they eventually died out. Did that still hold true?

In a way, I hoped they would die out because even at that point I didn't quite want to believe that the system could operate – that a human group could survive without those qualities that we call human; without co-operativeness, without mutuality, including love. Then a colleague who had been with me for a while up amongst the Ik, and whom I had worked together with in the Ituri forest, went back to Uganda and went up to visit them last year and found, after nearly four years, that they are indeed surviving well. The system has fully established itself. They all sort of laughed at him when he went back and said, 'There! You see. . . so what were you worried about us surviving.' But at what a cost! But none of them know the cost because none of them know anything else any longer now. No one is left alive that remembers anything else.

The hindsight might have been affected by foresight, for had Turnbull known what to expect, he insists he never would have gone.

I wouldn't have thought, and some anthropologists might still think, really, that it's not a strictly anthropological study. But I'm never sure just what anthropology is, where it starts and where it ends. As a social anthropologist I'm interested in human society. This is a human society, but it doesn't fit any of our known categories. Which is very exciting, but it makes it very difficult to deal with. We just don't even have the tools for describing a process of social degeneration such as this.

Turnbull is unsure of the role of anthropologists and scientists in general. He admits that both need to develop a more humanistic approach.

I don't think that anthropology is a science in the strict sense of the word. One can bat it around needlessly, but there was that reaction against the 19th Century Romanticism. And there were attempts to establish anthropology, particularly in Britain and France, as a natural science and that it certainly isn't. I think the quest for universal laws is a futile one and a very misleading one. By all means, we use scientific method, we look for general principles, but I think of anthropology primarily as a humanity. I think this was the view at Oxford, which was where I learned anthropology, so that obviously colored my own feelings. I think that the social sciences in general have grown terribly far away from any sense of social responsibility and the scientist, the so-called 'tome-scientist,' uses this too frequently as an excuse for rejecting any social responsibility in a sort of cry for detachment. My god, we need to be more attached. Everyone is detached if we don't have opinions about society. Of course, it's part of our technique that we should not make values judgments about other societies. But surely we are entitled to make them about our own society and surely we should make them if our job is to understand society. If we don't make them, who is going to make them?

One of the few criticisms the book has engendered is Turnbull's insistence on drawing parallels, pointing out social tangents.

I think it's been suggested that I draw conclusions. I don't think I draw conclusions, but I suggest that there are similarities and that there are lessons to be learned. I don't see how anyone can deny that. Although people may not like the lessons, I think they are unmistakable. One lesson – quite obviously, the Ik, because they have survived, show that man can survive without love, and that's an indisputable fact. It is not that they are abberrant, that they are suffering from brain damage or anything else, because the Ik that actually survived are relatively healthy. The other thing is that it si not an emergency reaction. Someone said that it's like the people who came down in the Andes crash and ate each other as a temporary reaction. This is a system that has developed and it's truly a non-social system, the survival system that has developed over a period of 50 years to cope with a new norm – the norm of insufficiency. If you like, it's an extreme situation, but we are an extreme situation of oversufficiency and it could be just as dangerous to us as insufficiency is to them.

Studying a small tribe like the Ik is an obvious advantage for Turnbull's particular science:

One of the things that distinguishes anthropology from sociology is that where sociology goes into depth in isolated areas, recognizing the interdependence but nonetheless isolating an area for purposes of study, we try to develop techniques for studying a total society and a whole system of inter-relationships. We've used the small-scale, "primitive" society because it is small and we can perceive the totality. Whereas, to look at America would be unthinkable, it's far too vast. And yet we've done this and we've centered on the small society in the belief that if there are general principles to be learned, we can learn them there and then apply them to our own society. And I certainly think we haven't learned all the answers by any means. There's a mass yet to be learned from further classical studies of this kind. But I think we've learned enough to begin to apply some of our findings to our own society.

The Ik have now discovered a system that works, but it works at the cost of everything that we call human. And that's the real lesson. And, as I say again, it's not to say that we are like the Ik, but what I'm saying is that the Ik show us what we could become – because we are human – just as human as they are. And they are, in a sense, the essential human beings, the basic humans, shorn of all the luxuries that in more comfortable circumstances we can afford.

I think there are indications, surely, that necessarily in a sense, we are going in the same way – the whole governmental structure, the increase in corruption, Watergate itself is nothing to be surprised at. It's just another, necessary step; so long as we persist in maintaining our present direction and our present emphasis on technological progress.

The Ik turn their children out at the age of three and from that point on they have to fend for themselves. The parallel (which some may refuse to accept) is to our own educational system, beginning with kindergarten.

It will function in the same way. That is to say, it will function as an educational experience to teach the young independence. We foster this, which the Ik can't do because they don't have formal schools. We foster this, then, in our intellectual training. Our child's experience is being taken out of a home and brought to a day school, brought back to a home where one parent might be and the other might not, sent to school again the next morning, perhaps with different children, different teachers, constantly shifting horizons – he does not learn dependency in any one given direction. The kind of association he learns is a temporary association. Whereas, in the traditional primitive society, the family acts as a model of stable social relationships. First of all you learn your parents are always there and there is a mutuality, a reciprocity. Then gradually, your educational experience extends those very stable horizons to non-kin via the kinship system for lineage – the clan, then finally the entire tribe or nation. But the family establishes the model for stable, permanent social relationships. The Ik model recognizes that this is invalid in their context because there can be no stability.

Probably the most important factor is the increasing density of population where we simply cannot cope with each other in interpersonal terms, so we mechanize our relationships. In terms of biological evolution, in so far as the human is adapted to any form of life biologically, it is to that of the hunter and gatherer. We don't know the extent of biological adaptation, but there's bound to be some; that means to a certain noise level, to a certain concept of time and space, a certain relationship with a natural environment. Insofar as we are adapted, it is to that form of life. The incredibly vast changes that have come about with the advent of agriculture and then with the advent of industry in a very short space of time have left no possibility for biological readaptation. We could be very seriously maladjusted, but we have the intellectual faciltiy for ignoring it. Like noise level – we tell ourselves that we can sleep perfectly well in a noisy apartment overlooking a noisy street. We tell ourselves we can sleep with exhaust fumes coming through the window.

Continued on Page 5

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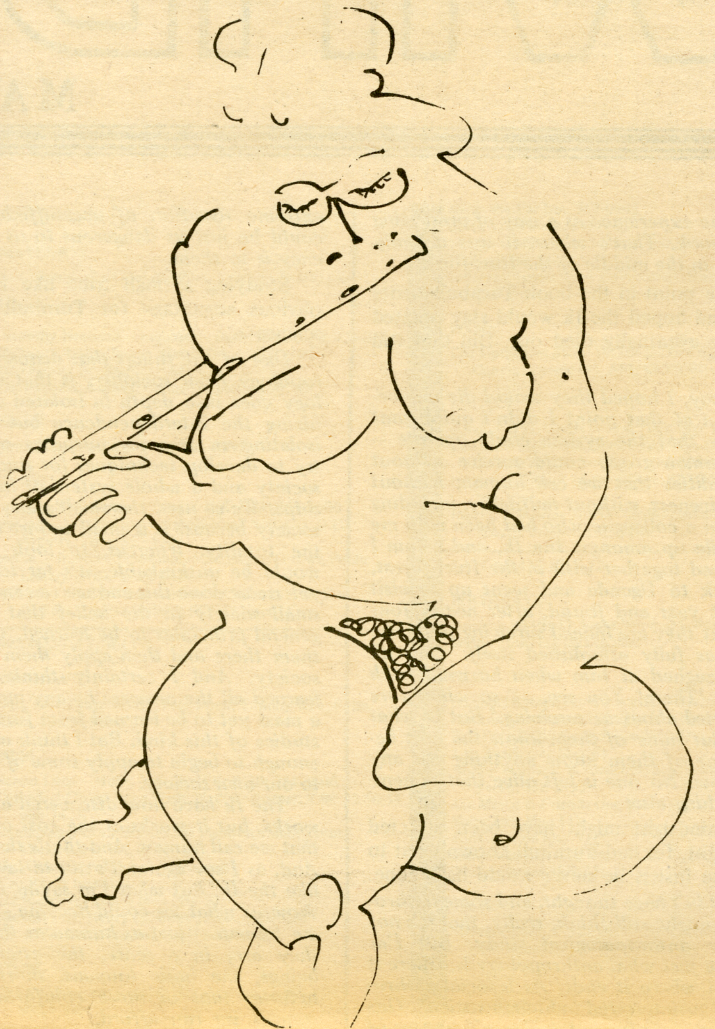

In Your Own Backyard

Edited by Clover Holcomb

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SCRUGGS – RAIN OR SHINE: and Free, along with Brian Bowers and Breakfast Again. At Montgomery College on May 18th, 8:00 p.m. on the Rockville Campus football field. Call 762-0636, 726-8034 or 657-3427.

GRAPHICS: of Bill Adair, Margaret Kamareck, Marianne LaRoche, Don Simonson, and Frances Walsh will be shown at Talking of Michelangelo, 655 C St., S.E., starting May 13th.

NOWHERE TO DANCE? The Maryland Dance Theater will hold auditions for four full-time salaried positions, May 12th, from 2:00 to 5:00 p.m. In Studio EE of the Dance Department, University of Maryland, College Park, Call (301) 454-4056.

KICKINGBIRD: Kirke Kickingbird, a Kiowa Indian from Oklahoma, and author of "One Hundred Million Acres," will lecture on "America & Indian Lands" May 7th at 8:00 p.m., at the ISIS Center, 8313 Fenton Street, Silver Spring, Md. Admission: $2.50. Call: 588-2886.

PHOTOGRAPHY: "Mrs. Powell's Gallery" sprang out of "Sign of the Times Workshop" and is outstanding as the first gallery in the history of NorthEast Washington. It's director, James Greggs, hopes to bring art to NorthEast and NorthEast artists to the world. He is proud to announce an exhibition of the photography of Michael Murry and Daphne Warner. From May 22 to June 3 at 605 56th Street, N.E. 399-3400.

BEIDERBECKE: a broadcast on the life and music of one of America's leading jazz musicians. May 12th, 4:00 p.m. on WAMU-FM, 88.5.

NUREYEV: will perform the full-length version of "Sleeping Beauty." May 15 through May 20 at the Kennedy Center.

CHILDREN, CHILDREN: "The Me Nobody Knows," a musical based on the writings of ghetto children and performed by children recruited through open auditions from the Baltimore area will have an extended run through May 13th at the Center Stage, 11 East North Ave., Baltimore. For reservations call (301) 685-5020.

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WOODWIND PUBLISHING COMPANY

WOODWIND regrets the transposition of the third and fourth columns in David Tannous' article on William Christenberry in the last issue. David really does know how to write — sometimes, we're not sure how to read. . .

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We welcome contributions of all sorts. We are particularly interested in feature articles and fiction. Although we accept poetry, we do have an enormous back-log. All articles are accepted based on their own merit, not on the credits or reputation of the author.

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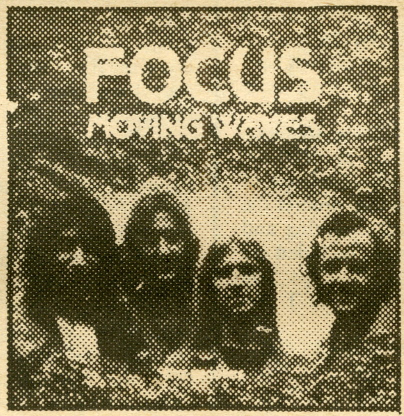
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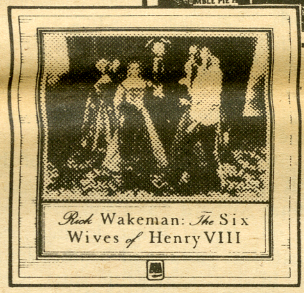
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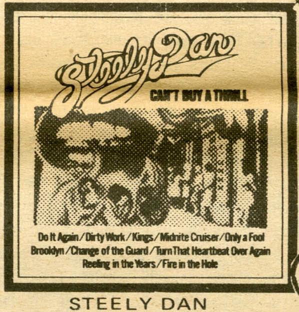
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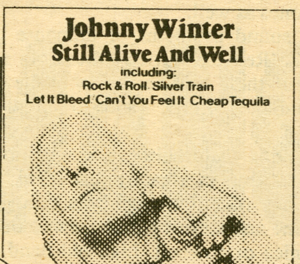
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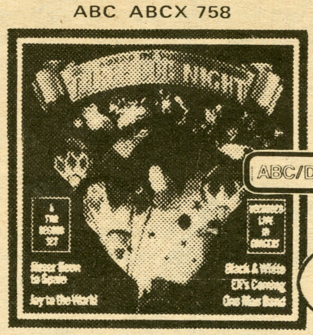
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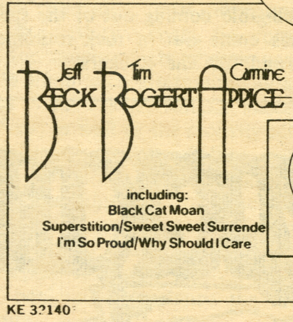
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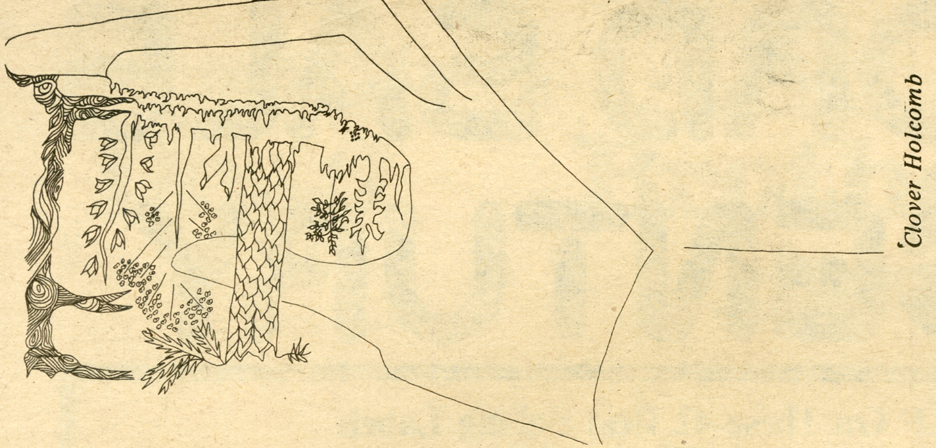

Clover Holcomb

"PLANTS ARE MORE FUN THAN A HERD OF TURTLES"

By Clover Holcomb

No matter which road of life you may have chosen to walk, the guides have now joined to tell you: "Do it!" Doctors, ecologists, interior decorators, vegetarians and your little brother all say: "Buy plants!"

The reasons vary and they are all intriguing. You're attracted by the healthy glow in your cheeks – a gift from the presence of plants. Or, you're aware that every plant you encourage to grow will help compensate for the air-purifying cousins that have been paved over for roads, parking lots and buildings. You may imagine that plants are an inexpensive way to decorate and an ideal method of pacifying your environment when you can no longer perceive falling plaster as a symbol of the freedom of your life style. You could just feel that plants make a simple, loving and living gift. If so, you've probably already committed yourself mentally, if not financially, to plants.

In any case, you'll have come upon the two inevitable problems: first, none of your plants will grow and, secondly, unless you can afford $20 - $30 per plant, your indoor garden probably consists of a one-stalk fern and a two-leaf philodendron.

If you are in mourning or wandering around in the daze of *crise de conscience* because your plants are fading, you basically know that ignorance is not innocence and that you alone are directly responsible for their fate, get help. But beware of friends!

Friends may not always know your plants or the conditions in which they live. Plant stores, even the one where you bought the invalid, are not hospitals and many are really just plant dealers. So, where to turn?

Well, there are books on the subject and you can get them free from the library. But if you gave up chess because a friend gave you *Horowitz to Fisher*, you may want to consider the works of Jerry Baker, better known as "America's Master Gardener."

Jerry Baker is a true believer in "God's Gospel of the Garden." His belief in doing something nice and learning something new every day was created by an interesting background and his great personal enthusiasm.

His grandfather was a Welsh horse trainer and his grandmother, a full-blooded Chichonee Indian. Mr. Baker grew up on the wise sayings, green thumbs and healing hands, on ginger tea, baked oranges for cuts and the philosophy that God fills the bank of life for you to withdraw from and add to. A heady combination for any boy – particularly one who had been expelled from kindergarten.

His career in gardening began when he found a greenhouse: just the target for a strong right arm. Despite his father's offer to pay, the owner suggested that young J.B. work off the damages in the nursery.

Later, when working for the "vice and conspiracy" squad of the Detroit police department, his cover and part-time job was, naturally, gardener and seed salesman. Unfortunately for the police force, his cover was so successful that it lead to radio and television coverage. When one of the girls on his beat suggested that he come up and look at her tomatoes, he knew that his cover was blown and so retired to a quiet life of television and radio shows, books, lectures and guest appearances. The subject was always plants.

Jerry Baker's books have much in their favor. Although they were not really written with the moron in mind, you definitely do not need a degree in agronomy to read them. Imagine: no graphs or diagrams to decipher; you won't need a slide rule or a light density meter. What is even more important is that the books are written for you, not just your plants. He makes the big point that plants are like people and should be treated with love, patience and consistent behavior. This is a theory that is generally being discussed, if not accepted. But what is really marvelous is that by saying that plants are like people the author has included man in the picture again. In other words, thanks to Jerry Baker, the plant owner can now become the friend and companion of his plants and no longer be forced into the cruel and guilty role of anonymous godhead. So many earlier books on gardening don't mention *you* other than as being the dismembered hand arbitrarily dealing in life and death.

Mr. Baker's first book, ***Plants Are Like People***, will advise you on how to live a happy and mutually fulfilling life with your plants. It covers the usual gardening topics – lawns, trees, bulbs, vegetables, houseplants and herbs – but it's the suggestions themselves that are remarkable. Did you know that you could "jog your lawn to health"? Have you been exercising your plants? Have you been "Sparing the rod and spoiling the tree"? (You should give your lazy tree a few swats with a switch to wake him up!) Do your vegetables work as a team? (If not, maybe the coach isn't on the ball or the cheerleaders have been lacking in enthusiasm.)

His second book, ***Back to Nature Almanac***, the first of a series, really devotes itself to the grower, which will be all to the advantage of the growee. You'll be told how to predict the severity of winter, the arrival of spring and what to think and do inbetween. Included are a delicious herbal bath recipe, "Things You Don't Know," jokes ("Hoe, Hoe, Hoe"), and other garden graffiti.

There are now six additional books called *Make Friends with Your Annuals*, . . . *Evergreens*, . . . *Fruit Trees*, . . . *Lawn*, . . . *Roses*, and . . . *Vegetable Gardens*. Each is practical and precise and should improve the health of your plants. Did you know that you should bathe them? That nitrogen's main source is electric storms? (You can compensate for indoor plants by putting a wire halo over them and hanging it with bits of stocking.) That blooming plants need iron? (A nail left to rust in the pot will do.) That you can use charcoal to filter out sodium salt that will build up in pots? That you should put tea in the water used for rinsing plants and that they all need light, but not necessarily sunlight?

If you follow Baker's suggestions, your plants will be happy and your guilt assuaged. But, of course, there's little point in being able to grow plants if you can't afford them and are going back to macrame because that's are, therapeutic and decorative too.

Plants are expensive, but you can do something while you wait for them to go out of style and come back into your financial bracket.

There's a simple solution if you don't like the prices: Don't pay them. Grow plants from seed, trade with friends, get cuttings – the more you prune a plant the better it will grow – buy plants from country nurseries rather than city plant stores. They don't have to be indoor plants: no plant ever was originally. But if you're going to experiment, be thoughtful. Find out what the plant's environment should be and if it doesn't coincide with your life style, don't ask the plant to adapt too much.

Eventually your plant will feed you in exchange. No one is unaware of the cost of food. Not everyone, though, can produce a vegetable garden. You may not have a garden or be able to join with friends in renting some ground and dividing the produce. But you can have a garden indoors, in pots. Use miniature carrots, radishes, tomatoes, lemon trees, limes, oranges, apples, peaches. The plants are small but the fruit is full-sized. Even lettuce is not out of reach – but you must change your habits. Don't cut off the whole head. Take the outer leaves that you need; meanwhile, the head will continue to grow. Herbs and spices are always better fresh.

The point is that if you don't like the situation, use your imagination and change it.

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Make Friends with Your Annuals
. . . Evergreens
. . . Fruit Trees
. . . Lawn
. . . Roses
. . . Vegetable Garden, Simon and Schuster,
(All of the above are paperback)

Six more titles in the Make Friends series are scheduled for Fall release.

The Reekers and Sky Cobb

By Bruce Rosenstein

If you don't think too much about things before they happen, they're bound to turn out all right. About all I thought concerning an American University Dance Theatre benefit concert April 20, featuring two of D.C.'s top bands, Sky Cobb and The Reekers, was that it would probably be a simple, low-keyed affair with good music, few people, and even less pretentions.

As it turned out, the music was fine, the people were few in number – but had a good time – and nobody made much money. Appearances aside, this event proved quite important. You needn't have a great deal of insight to realize the lack of any local rock scene in the Washington area for the past couple of years. Some of the best musicians are either hibernating here or making their music elsewhere. Of the group that are here and the audience that follow them, the 1969-1970 sense of community has disappeared. There are very few places to play; high school students who want to hear the music cannot get into the clubs; the over-20's don't want to go to the high school gigs; non-alcoholic clubs are a financial death trap these days; and college bookers do not like to hear the words "local band."

The lack of a suitable advertising budget kept a lot of people unaware of the A.U. concert, but the mixture of people who did show up was just what I expected: many high school students who wanted to go to a cheap (dollar fifty) Friday night concert, a sprinkling of older D.C. rock followers, including some old A.U. grads who religiously followed Claude Jones – the band from which The Reekers were hatched, in the old days – and a few curious A.U. students who found out about the concert and decided to, what the hell, give it a try.

The reception of the bands was anything but ecstatic, but people danced, a few listened intently, and because of the size of Leonard Gym and the sparcity of bodies, those who decided to mind their own business could do so. If you've been to any well-attended "major" concerts here in the past year or so, you know such behavior is impossible there. You can't see, you can't breathe, you can't think, and after a while you can't hear.

At a gig such as A.U., you could do as you pleased without bothering anyone. Some of those who were up and dancing to both bands had probably never head

bands had probably never heard either of them before that night. Some of the old-timers, feeling a little jaded of late, discovered that Sky Cobb was a good band after all, and that Joe Triplett, Mike Henley and their new teammates were up to their old tricks and doing some new ones as well.

Due to sound problems of immense proportions, the Reekers started around 45 minutes late, but there was no curfew in the gym and the audience didn't seem to mind too much.

Triplett, not clad in his familiar teeshirt or shrunken vest, but in a gaudy, beautiful cowboy shirt, was at center stage brandishing his new weapon: an electric guitar instead of the old harmonica or cowbell. Like old band and

With the weather getting warmer now, the time is getting right for bands and audiences to get together. The park gigs are admittedly no financial bargain for the bands, but they provide a place for coming together: maybe that sense of community is going to return. If people coming to free gigs at P Street Beach and Fort Reno Park like what they hear, then attendance at the clubs and other gigs should rise. And who knows. . . next fall, maybe even the colleges will re-open their doors to local bands. Many aspects of April 20th at A.U. may have left much to be desired, but what it hinted at could mean times ahead that we haven't seen here in too long.

audience alike, his hair is a lot shorter now. And damned if at times he doesn't look like some old bluegrass musician. From the opening musical statement, "All my friends is a-boppin' the blues and it must be goin' around," Joe and the band were off and running through a set of new and old tunes, carrying not the old Claude Jones spaciness but the Reeker's Rockabilly, with the audience ultimately surrendering itself to the rhythm.

For those who remember, the only element missing was the simultaneous use of organ and electric piano. Henley is the only keyboard man now and he must jump between the two spending most of the time at the piano. At small sized clubs the organ must be left at home.

The Reeker's stage presence remains extremely casual and matter of fact, with Henley the only one moving around. In terms of stage presence, the audience found out that Sky Cobb was just the opposite.

Sky Cobb's performance was particularly heartwarming. They, too, had to work with the horrible sound system, but managed to put out a sound which showed they have not only come a long way in their two years of existence, but that they are the closest Washington has to a band ready for national exposure. They have changed their format countless times over the years: songs have come and gone, as have styles of playing them. But the personnel has remained constant and appears to work together better now than ever. They have been gigging in New York at small clubs and colleges, and no doubt this has polished and toughened them. They're getting more adept at working with an audience while putting on a good, lively show worthy of a concert, and not just the stage of a club. This is what sets Sky Cobb apart from the other local bands. Their stage presence is poised and assured, they are intent on giving the people their money's worth and they keep the music quality high. Their set flowed nicely from newer opening material into older stuff like "One Fine Day," "Don't Leave Me," and the encore, "Sweet Lovin' Lucy," one of the few songs still around from their early days. Most of the time Richard Sales and Bruce McKinnon are out front; Bruce letting out with some great slide guitar and brother Jamie (resplendant in an elegant white suit), providing support on saxophone. This points up something else important: the band does not dress like they sleep in their clothes. They're not going to scare David Bowie, but the sight of a D.C. band wearing colorful non-bluejeans clothing is quite welcome. Other bands would do well to follow Sky Cobb's elad and take a look in the mirror and adjust their image a bit.

Besides the fine music, the night provided a few more flashes of days past as you looked around the gym and saw most of the members of Claude Jones standing around, plus Keith Krokyn continuously on the move checking sound (Keith was road manager of Claude Jones; he's manager of Sky Cobb now). Even Claude Jones himself was attempting to get the sound system to function and get something intelligible coming out of the speakers. Claude has come out of rock retirement to handle sound for The Reekers.

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Continued from Front Page

Okay, we can sleep, we tell ourselves we are healthy, but are we really? What is the noise level doing to our nervous systems, in biological terms? It is perfectly possible that the increasing aggressivity and violence are very direct biological by-products of our chosen way of life.

* * * * *

One of the most severe problems faced by any anthropologist is dual-faceted, but intrinsically related. The first problem, particularly sensitive in Turnbull's relation to Ik society, is the adoption of aspects of Ik philosophy in his own character, though most likely this would manifest itself in small ways over a period of time.

It was very difficult to see it in myself, in a sense. I think that's why I hated the Ik so much. I really loathed them to begin with. But I think I respected them, and I think respect is the right word because it implies a very real distance, a certain fear perhaps. It showed me a potential that I did not like to think I had in myself for what I would define as inhumanity. And we still could use the term, recognizing that it is merely a potential. I really did not think it would be possible to watch people dying with such a lack of interest and anthropological detachment, which I had never really believed possible. I don't see how you could live with a people for two years intimately; share their lives, share their thoughts, and not become attached to individuals or to the people, with likes and dislikes. With the Ik, simply because you are living with them, you have to, if you are sharing their system. Also, I had to make up my mind, was I going to survive. In a sense, that same choice was the one I had to make. Was I going to survive, was I going to die, or was I going to quit? I was going to quit, but I'd invested too much time and I suppose I was just too stubborn and stuck on. Then I realized that in order to survive, I was going to have to be like them and decide I'm going to fill my *stomach. I still did share what food I could afford to share, but I had to make a choice.*

> *There is one common value, apart from language, to which all Ik hold tenaciously. It is* ngag, *"food." This is not a cynical quip — there is no room for cynicism with the Ik. It is clearly stated by the Ik themselves in their daily conversation, in their rationale for action and thought. It is the one standard by which they measure right and wrong, goodness and badness. The very word for "good,"* marang, *is defined in terms of food. "Goodness,"* marangik, *is defined as* "individual *possession of food." Then, if you try the word as an adjective, and attempt to discover what their concept for a "good man,"* iakw anamarang, *hoping that the answer will be that a good man is a man who helps you fill your own stomach, you get the truly Icien answer: A good man is one who* has *a full stomach. There is goodness in being, but none in doing, at least not in doing to others.*

Turnbull's "conscience" still affected him in many ways, but over the years

I recognized that the young ones had to make it on their own. There are indications in in my field notes that I recognized this at the time. And certainly I made a very conscious choice, which I see in my field notes. I have to go back to my notes to remind myself of what I felt and thought at the time as opposed to what I rationalize now, because both are real experiences. I'm still not quite sure which is closer to the truth.

On his leaving the tribe, Turnbull left a certain amount of food for Loiangorok, "the last old person left alive."

> *I underestimated his son, Loiamukat, who within two days had persuaded the police that it would save them a lot of bother if he looked after the [food]. . .Loiamukat kept his father alive just long enough to allay suspicions, but not long enough to let him make inroads into the [food]. I heard, later, that Loiangorok died of starvation within two weeks.*

I really respect their system. I say that now, from a distance. If I were to go back, I think I could watch them starving to death with a little less feeling, because I'd have more understanding. Then, it was very hard. But I know that it would be the right thing to do, to let them starve to death, unless I was to make a full moral committment.

Some anthropologists will say this is an example of why one should not become involved. I'm sure there are plenty of anthropologists who could have sat there quite happily and observed the whole thing without and feeling whatsoever. But then, I think they've already become Ik themselves.

* * * * *

The second problem facing an anthrogist is that of re-entry into his own society.

I really had to re-educate myself to human values. I found it too easy to live in New York. The things that used to bug me about New York didn't bug me at all and suddenly I realized that in two years, New York had gotten a lot worse than it was.

Would more time among the Ik have altered or have enhanced Turnbull's observations?

You never know what you're going to discover that could change your awareness. I think this is one of the stupidities of anthropologists calling themselves scientists and trying to claim some kind of special immunity thereby. The very nature of our study is in a sense almost inevitably unscientific and those anthropologists who claim to be scientists are exactly those who deny the right of another anthropologist to go and check their own work. That surely is the first step in scientific procedure — to check and crosscheck your own findings and then get someone else to do the same.

With the Pygmies I spent more time, probably, than most anthropologists have the chance to do with the people they study. I was in and out of there three times. I spent another three years back there and each time I discovered something I never knew before, never could have known or suspected because a lot of social institutions are circumstantial and only arise on certain occasions.

One can try and look and predict what sort of possibilities there are, and I can't see many. The area I feel least certain about is their religious ideology.

I never understood their laughter, and I still don't know how to interpret it. Some people have said that they see a lot of sadomasochism. I don't go for that at all. In their laughter, sometimes, there might have been a slightly sadistic element there. But I would hesitate to say that. There was a sort of anticipation, a pleasure in someone else's misfortune, which we, after all, show through this curious phenomenon of laughter, too — the banana skin syndrome. We see it as possibly happening to ourselves: it's a nervous reaction. But, with the Ik, they would actually anticipate it. They wouldn't put the banana skin there, but they knew. At the critical moment [of some action], everyone starts watching very eagerly just to see if by any chance. . . They watch your eyes, so that they can catch not the act of destruction, but the expression of agony. That, I never quite understood.

I also never really understood why they gathered together. There were traces of sociality left there. Why did they gather together and sit on the di *without co-operating, without talking to each other?*

Almost ten years after entering the Kidapu Valley, Colin Turnbull is still affected by his experience with the Ik. He will soon join the faculty of Virginia Commonwealth Union in Richmond ("The University is very much concerned with the whole origin of community."), a move that will allow him to pursue several projects.

I want to read my field notes again because, always in field notes, there are things that you don't use. I think, as an anthropological experiment, it was a good one. It was extreme, but, again, there's nothing wrong with an extreme situation. I'd rather like to compare my field notes there with my field notes from the years I spent in the Ituri forest because I think this issue of subjectivity is a very important one. I'm not knocking scientific method, obviously, but this notion that somehow we are scientists is a dangerous one. It leads us to be rather more confident in our findings than we should be and have a right to be. But I also think think we're losing an enormous asset in ignoring the fact that subjectivity is a part of our study and if we used it intelligently it could be a very fruitful part. Then we might be able to plan it so that different people do check each other intelligently, by choosing people who will have different reactions, not different roles.

Also, I think the book has pushed me, because I do suggest certain possibilities. We have this potential, I think, unmistakeably. The Ik seem to prove it by their survival. I also believe, more than that, that there are signs that we are already necessarily the way that the Ik have become, adopting this intensely individualistic attitude. There are surely signs that we are equally adopting it. Our beloved President exhorted us in his re-Inaugural address to do what we could for ourselves. This is good Ik philosophy. Our schools teach us the values of individualism, individual initiative, competitiveness. Our technology enables us to co-operate with machines. We don't need human beings. Cash enables us to build up security without reference to human beings. We define the successful man as the man with a full bank balance. He's just the same as the Ik — a full stomach. It's the definition of security and each sees their security as individually-owned security. The so-called "primitive," — not because he's good, or better than we are, but because of his technological deprivation — if you like, has this advantage, necessarily to co-operate. He sees security in terms of interpersonal relationships. In our society we still find humanity if we define it that way. In rural areas, in technologically backward areas, and in ghettoes, where you have poverty, people need each other. You find more humanity in the ghettoes than you'll ever find on Madison Avenue.

The book has pushed me into really trying to look at our society and see what anthropology can do about applying some of the general principles we've learned.

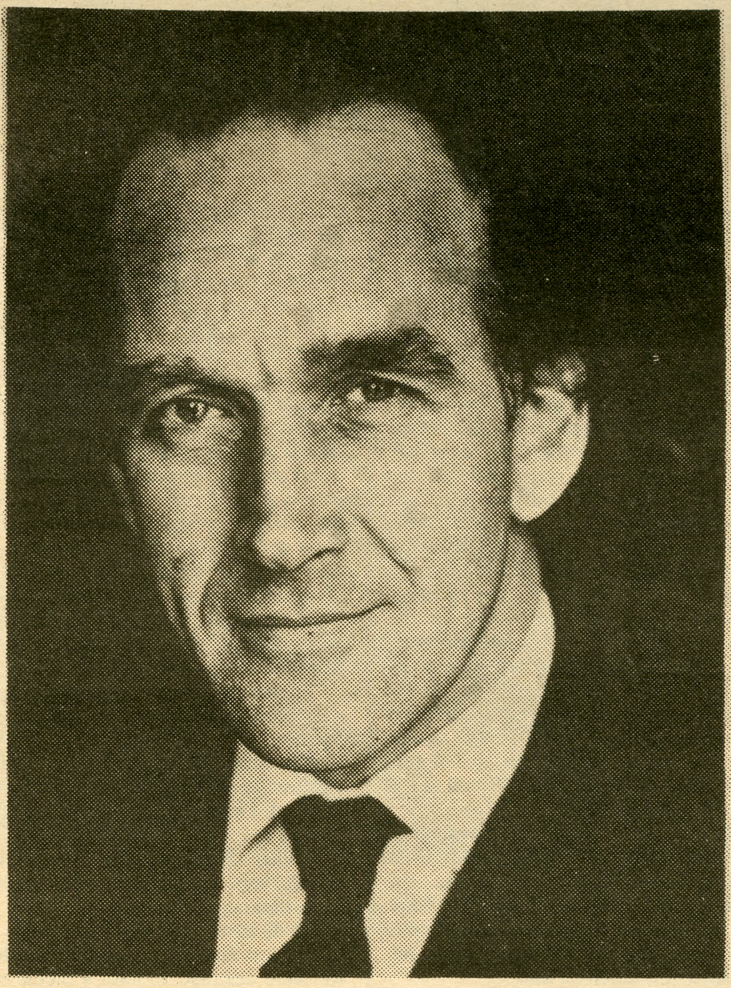


PHOTO: Jill Krementz

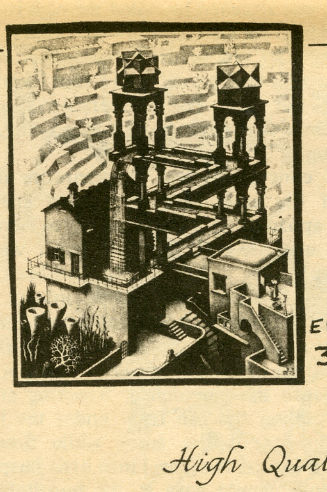
Other Books by Colin Turnbull:

The Lonely African — essays and examinations on African tribalism, focusing on the dilemma of the "new" African. Portraits of "the political leaders, slum dweller, college graduate, new woman and others caught between a discredited past and an uncertain future. Each sketch is followed by a critical essay which brings into focus the problems of cultural transition and the nature of tribalism, its values and traditions, and its implications for the future of Africa."

The Forest People; A Study of the Pygmies of the Congo — A classic study that has received as much praise as *The Mountain People.*

Tibet — co-written with Thubten Jigme Norbu, elder brother of the Dalai Lama, this book is an account of the history, religion and the people of Tibet.

All three volumes are available in paperback from Clarion, a division of Simon and Schuster.



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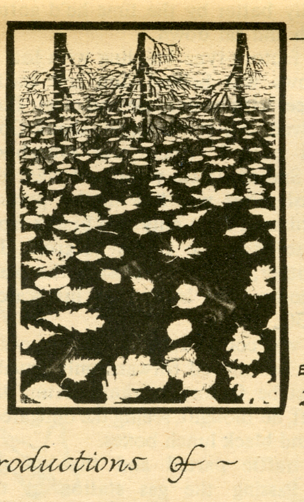

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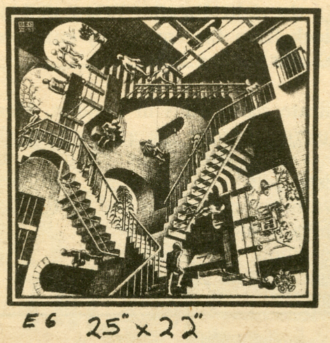

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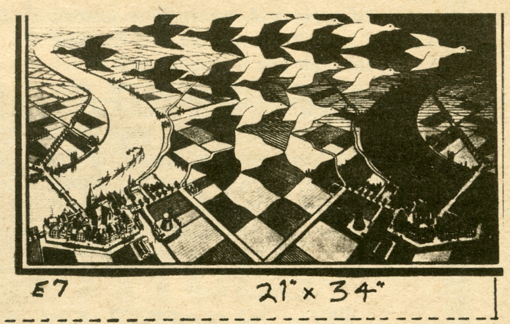

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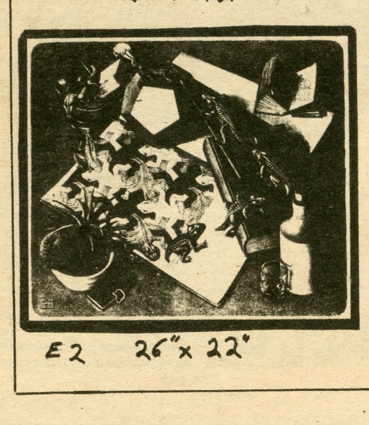

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Saturday Picnic

By Ralph Peter Zaabo

Carl had left his apartment four times already that morning with the intent of going the same number of miles toward the center of town to visit Martha, his betrothed. He had failed each time, but it wasn't until the fourth time that he began to suspect.

The first time and he'd turned back before going even half a block from the rundown little duplex (not that he minded living there, he owned it), he'd forgotten his wallet. Then there was the injured cat that even now lay sleeping on his sagging sofa. The third was the flat tire on his car when he had finally gotten as far as the next block. And the fourth, some hours later was when a connecting rod in his engine broke about a mile from home.

Fortunately, he'd been out front of a gas station when it broke and that's where he left it. "I *know* I'm late kid," he protested into the phone, "but you wouldn't believe what a time I've had this morning."

He told the sequence of events, including the broken pay phone he'd had to dial about ten times because every time he dialed the "seven" the phone would jam and he'd get a dead line and his two nickles.

"I'll take the bus; it'll be about 45 minutes yet, and I don't think I'm going to be in a mood for any blasted picnic."

He hung up, regretting the frustration he'd taken out on Martha. A damn nice kid she was, but sometimes he just felt like he dumped a little too much on her.

The door on the phone booth was jammed shut – not that he'd closed it for privacy, mind you, it had just slid shut when he knocked into it entering the booth. Now, as he pulled, it opened at the top only and bent, and bent. . . .

Sweat beaded in the stuffy little room; it was a hot day. He released his pull on the little door grip and then jerked hard as he lifted upwards. Slam! It opened so fast that his left hand was smashed hard into the edge of the phone, and for a second even the sudden, cool, outside breeze couldn't stop the black rage from descending over his eyes. With just a hair less control he would have kicked the goddam windows out.

Still trembling, he walked the half block up the way he'd come to the bus stop. He felt decidedly better by the time he'd gotten to the bench and sat down.

A dirty, factory-type building with lots of dirty windows was behind him and traffic filled the street with both noise and mass. Then the bus arrived. Air conditioned, thank God. But it was packed. Where was everybody going on a Saturday? He wondered what the weekday rush hour was like in this part of town – he himself lived only two blocks from the furniture store he owned. Harold, his younger brother, would be closing the place at 12:00 today. He looked at his watch, already 12:30.

The bus was cool, but as he inched toward the rear the bus moved forward only equally as fast. Must be factory workers getting the afternoon off, he thought, seeing the dungarees, blue shirts and black lunch boxes.

Finally traffic parted and the bus got underway. Passing the gas station at the corner, his old car, with one sagging headlight, looked kind of sad, knowing it would never be fixed. What a burden a car is in the city, he thought.

Three blocks, five blocks, ten blocks, he was on his way to Martha's again. It was a mile, maybe a little more, when an old lady on the bus had a heart attack. Someone screamed and a wave of panic and sweaty flesh pushed Carl hard up against the seat he was standing next to. His shin felt like it would break if. . . .

The bus was emptying and people were yelling for a doctor. Not much chance of one here. He finally limped to the back door seeing a crowd bent over the figure on the floor in the front – if the heart attack didn't finish her, suffocation would. He moved out of the way of the crowd of meandering workers all discussing who'd seen it, who it was, the heat, the pollution, old age, politics and the war, and looked for a dime and a phone. Neither were available. But with only two miles to go, what the hell, I'll walk 'til I can catch a cab, leg's not that bad. But the heat was getting worse.

Three, four, five more blocks. The factory district was behind him and he passed from a business district into a residential street full of row houses made of brick. There were little porches with fat men in undershirts with their navels hanging out drinking beer, and screaming children playing on little lawns of crabgrass and dried mud. A few potted geraniums adorned a few window sills.

Martha's house was not more than ten blocks, but the sore leg and pain that began to move into his ankle made it obvious that he wouldn't be walking it.

At the next main street he bought a Coke at a refreshment stand to get change to call Martha.

"Martha honey," he forced a laugh that was not far from a cry of frustration, "I don't know if I'm going to live long enough to get there."

"What's a matter now," she asked, and she wasn't very sympathetic. He could see her foot tapping, smoke rising.

Well, there was the bus and his hand and his leg and the heat". . . and I just don't think we were destined to have a picnic today. If I believed in omens, I'd be home in bed now – *alone*!" he hastened to add.

It was about ten more minutes before he managed to hail a cab. He gave the address. "Hot day, ain't it?" said the hacker. "Yeah," Carl grunted more than spoke.

"Air conditioner went on the fritz about an hour ago."

"This has been about the worst day of my life." Carl answered.

"Oh, I've seen hotter one's 'n this," the driver returned, "Like do you remember about two weeks ago when. . . ."

"No, I mean," Carl interrupted, "I mean it's just been a bad, bad day for me. It seems like. . . it's just been a *very frustrating day*."

That was when they heard the air horn. Less than a second later the dump truck to which it was attached barrelled through its red light and into the intersection – no brakes. The last thing Carl saw before blessed oblivion in the guise of a void was 10 or 15 tons of gravel spraying out over the simmering Saturday street. Only five more blocks to go, was his last thought.

Mild concussion, was the tentative diagnosis of the ambulance driver. No massive damage apparent. But Carl's scalp was cut and he was unconscious. The cab driver wasn't hurt very badly, a few cuts; it had been the back of the cab that had taken the impact.

They loaded Carl's unconscious form – probably unconscious more from an overload of frustration than an overload of force on the head – into the ambulance. Wrecking crews started pulling the cab from under the high front bumper of the truck while firemen swept and loaded the gravel into little heaps.

As irony would have it, the hospital was located directly across from Martha's place. Traffic was light in that part of town and the driver drove carefully as he made a special point of doing when carrying auto accident victims. There wasn't very far to go and, even without conscious effort, at least he was still going in the right direction. They were only a half block from the emergency entrance and from Martha's when it hit.

Delicate barometers in London, Moscow, and Tokyo recorded the atmospheric shockwaves as they circled the earth ten times. Scientists called the crater an astroblem. It was two miles in diameter and rubble covered everything to more than four.

The whole city was leveled, or, actually, punched into the ground.

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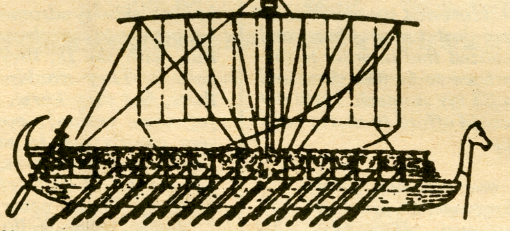

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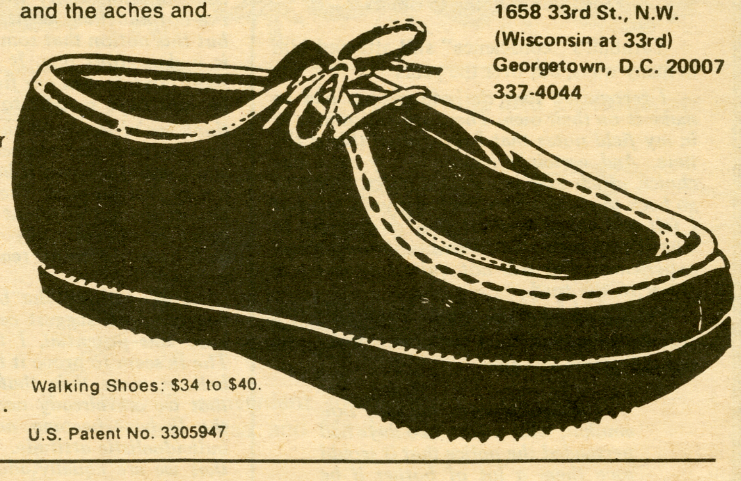

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AT THE MOVIES

SLITHER

Reviewed by Alex Ward

Caper movies seem to be predicated on the notion that incompetence breeds humor. The idea is that if you take a handful of bozos and send them off on a wild goose chase like, say, stealing the Hope diamond or looting King Solomon's Mines, the results will be hilarious.

Once in a while they are, as with Mel Brooks' *Twelve Chairs* or John Huston's classic spoof, *Beat the Devil*. But more often than not they turn out to be lightweight failures on the order of *Hot Rock*, *How to Steal a Million*, *Gambit*, or *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad World*.

Slither, the latest addition to the genre, falls somewhere in between. Not really hilarious, and burdened with a story line as unbelievable as most of the others, it nevertheless works because its characters are likeable enough to sustain one's interest and because Howard Zieff's direction generates sufficient momentum early in the film to carry it through to a rather humdrum and predictable ending.

The best thing about *Slither* is a skillfully neurotic bit of acting by Sally Kellerman, who plays Kitty Kopetzky, a weirdly yclept individual to whom the fates have willed a gargantuan persecution complex. Next to her, James Caan's Dick Kanipsia is almost normal.

Kanipsia, recently released from prison where he was serving a stretch for car theft, becomes involved in an outlandish scheme to recover $300,000 in embezzled money when a dying ex-prison mate tells him the name of the man who has it. All Kanipsia has to do is contact Barry Fenaka (Peter Boyle), who has the man's address, and the two of them can go collect the loot.

The rest of the plot calls for Boyle and Caan to weave all over California in search of their elusive treasure, with Louise Lasser, as Boyle's wife, riding behind them in a superdeluxe Airstream trailer. It's pretty standard wild goose chase fare, and while screen writer W.D. Richter's attempts to infuse a few nifty twists – like having the man they're looking for following *them* in an ominous looking van – do perk things up a bit: it's the character sketches, not the story, that bring life to this film.

And if *Slither*'s strength is in its parts rather than its sum, the best parts are the vignettes involving Kellerman and Caan, who are almost total comic contrasts. Kopetzky, a schizoid speed freak, is a terrific foil for Kanipsia, whose low-keyed attitude borders on sonambulance.

The two first meet when Kanipsia is hitchhiking to Fenaka's place. He stays with her a day and night and bolts when she flips out and pulls a gun in a restaurant. She turns up again about a reel later in Pismo Beach, through which Kanipsia, Fenaka and his wife are steaming in their pursuit of their pot of gold.

Kellerman's effectiveness is due in large measure to what some might call overacting which, in a strictly-for-laughs situation like this one, works quite well. Everyone else does nicely, too, especially Louise Lasser who has stolen Ann Meara's schtick right out from under her nose and pumped good mileage out of it on everything from movies to AAMCO transmission commercials.

As Fenaka, Boyle turns in his best bit of work since *Joe*, epitomizing as he does the subtle incongruities of an intrinsically sensitive man who has evolved into a not untypical small-time operator. Fenaka actually helped Kanipsia's prison friend embezzle the money in the first place, but wasn't caught. So he moved to a small town, changed his name and became absorbed in the town's affairs. By the time Kanipsia finds him, Fenaka is something of a local celebrity, playing the saxophone and em-ceeing Moose Lodge parties and the like. Fenaka used to be a big band musician during the swing era and his fond reminiscences of those days, while the gang is tooling around California, add just the right touch of sentiment.

If *Slither* had a more plausible plot it might reasonably qualify as one of the year's sleepers. As it is, the movie maintains a high enough level of humor to make it worthwhile. It's not a *great* caper film, but it's a good one.

THE NELSON AFFAIR

Reviewed by Lee Westenberg

The opening shot of *The Nelson Affair* discloses the famed sailer, through Thames' fog, being skiffed ashore after two years' battle with the Spanish fleet. Unfortunately, the fog in this phlegmatic movie never lifts. Two fine actors, Peter Finch (Nelson) and Glenda Jackson (as his lover, Lady Emma Hamilton), are made to drift across some of the longest stretches of waveless footage I have seen in a mercifully long time.

Many are the ways director James Cellan Jones has stumbled. Perhaps Nelson and Hamilton are automatically intriguing to the British, but Jones seems crashingly content to accept as given the viewer's instant captivation with an historically "great" man and his raucous, belching, convention-shunning mistress. The most radiant impression I had of Nelson was the festoonery of medals worn perpetually "to show people what I have done." (He is great, we are told, because he is what he is and has done what he has done.) Finch's Nelson is already lionized, already a legend when we meet him. He is truckled to by huzza-ing crowds and by his adoring adjutants, Hardy and Blackwood.

Director Jones, I think, expects one to extemporize, or intuit, a grand scandalous passion between the pair. Yet, except for a sylvan interlude walking and boating about their country estate, a restrained kiss or two, and many tempestuously adoring stares, their undying love seemed deathly impotent. Emma appears mainly to love being known as the whore who has "M'lord," while Nelson relishes the benefits of his myth derived from the scandal of living openly with an *unrefined*, crapulous woman.

Except for the (unshown) plotting against her which Emma blasphemes, Jackson moves through a role free of challenges to her many skills. (Her best scene is her first, waking up after a strenuous night and three hour's sleep.) Compared to Finch, she's very lucky, for Jones has focused inordinate attention upon Nelson's young nephew, Master Meacham. Meacham, played by the youth who was the go-between in that movie, is a prig who idolizes the Nelson Legend and is abhorred by Emma's vulgarity. That Finch must establish Nelson's larger-than-life qualities – the few, that is, not presumed – against such an adolescent foil is a dismal bit of misdirection. Nelson's magnamity is revealed, for example, when he refuses to whip Meachum – thumping a pillow instead – for moaning over the fate of the prim, forever doting, real Lady Nelson (played with nice sucarol by Margaret Leighton).

As for the compulsory epic scene – the smashing victory at Trafalgar – it either was limited by a tight budget, or the director felt that shots of Nelson strolling the battle-deck and sailors scurrying about (I could almost see the zig-zags they'd been coached to follow) and dying (not before exhibiting their wounds – a curious apricot color – then falling under camera range), would unleash sufficient adrenalin and awe. I've seen a lot of pirate flicks on TV whose battle-action was more convincing. Decks "awash with blood" are not evoked by an even application of spray paint. The Trafalgar scene also cheated me of the chance to see Nelson doing his stuff in tough strategy session. The camera rolls in just as the admiral rolls up his maps.

Nor is the dialogue overly compelling. Nelson prays, in an immaculately un-naval, altar-like room, that Trafalgar (where he is to die, gunned down in tiresome slow-motion) will "be good for Europe in general." And Jackson's last line, spoken while she stumbles upstaris in drunken escape from Nelson's death, is "The world is a funny place."

Unless you liked *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* and want to see more (well, the faces anyway) of Finch and Jackson, or unless you're a biography-addict yearning for renewed proof that the screen rarely does justice to historical scandal or heroism, I suggest saving your coin, and reading a good book about the events this movie fails to enliven.

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COUNTERNOTES

PENGUIN –
Fleetwood Mac – (Reprise)

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

It's taken a long time, but Fleetwood Mac has finally learned how to rock out. Each of their incarnations has left something to be desired: the blues-rock phase was self-destructive, especially given the odd types that led the band (Peter Green and Jeremy Spencer) and the Danny Kirwan-led version, with its soft rock, never held much interest for me.

Now Kirwan has gone on to other endeavors and American guitarist Bob Welch and Christine McVie are getting to be an ace vocal team – her compositions are among the best rock songs being written these days. There was always something self-inhibiting about F. Mac trying to rock, but whatever it was they've loosened up and shaken the evil spell away. Of the nine cuts, three are four-star jobs: the opener, "Remember Me," insistent vocals by Christine and Bob, tough guitar by the latter, the former spreading out a comfortably fitting organ sound; "Dissatisfied," much the same structure as "Remember Me," but an even better vocal; and "Did You Ever Love Me," the most original-sounding song with steel drums and typically strong keyboard and vocal by Christine. She co-wrote this with Welch and wrote the other two alone.

Added to the band since *Bare Trees* was ex-Savoy Brown vocalist Dave Walker, who sounded much better in the context of a blues-rock band and would have worked better with the original Mac. He's not used much, but he does manage a good job on the Motown tune "Roadrunner," and he wrote a highly Dylanesque song called "The Derelict," which works mainly because of the banjo and harmonica playing of Bob Weston.

Fleetwood Mac has always been promising, but *Penguin* shows us that at last they are on the way to being a great band. It's a good thing bassist John McVie brought his wife into the band a few years ago, and the addition of guitarist Welch a couple of LP's ago has made the combination even more deadly. Looks like the next album will break them open, while *Penguin* should bring in more recruits than ever.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA II –
(United Artists)

Roy Wood decided to get back to his own brand of rock music, so the still classically-minded ELO is under the direction of Jeff Lynne. Wood's erstwhile compatriot in the Move. Now, it seems, the British and limited American success of ELO has caused a streak of jealousy in Wood and the two are no longer the best of chums.

Wood's departure has not changed the sound substantially, but this is Lynne's brainchild all the way, notwithstanding the supporting cast of six – including ex-Move drummer Bev Bevan and a few former members of the London Symphony Orchestra. Jeff wrote all but one of the songs, sings them all, and has abandoned the piano seat to Richard Tandy while taking up the guitar.

The most obvious triumph of *ELO II* is their version of "Roll Over Beethoven," opening with a snatch of Ludwig's Fifth Symphony, then tumbling into Lynne rocking into Chuck Berry's guitar bombast. The song becomes a neat classical-rock fusion from then on, with Jeff giving his best guitar and vocal performance. The cut here is eight minutes and for the most part, maintains its strength. The single, cut in half, is just as effective, being edited in just the right places.

Of the other songs, there are two tender violin and cello dominated ones: "Mama" and "Kuiama." There are two harder, crashing songs, "From the Sun to the World," and "In Old England Town." As with most of the LP, the emphasis is more on classical than rock, but they have the feel of a rock band throughout while keeping the dignity of a classical outfit. They borrow freely, I'm sure, but not being well versed in classical music, I couldn't tell you form where. I'll still take them over similar bands, though, from Yes to Argent to a group like Holland's Ekseption.

When one band splits up, as did the everloveable Move, it's always gratifying when the members can scrape themselves together and make more good music. I hope they get over the current bout of ill feeling, but with the quality of *ELO II*, you can see why Wood has to be just a bit jealous of the Electric Light Orchestra.

B.R.

THE CAPTAIN AND ME –
The Doobie Brothers – Warner Brothers)

When you've got a good thing going, stick with it. Doobie Brother Tom Johnston and producer Ted Templeman appear to know that axiom as well as anyone. Their first LP didn't do much, but there was a potentially very popular song called "Feelin' Down Farther" which they decided to change around, clean and tighten up, and re-record for their second album as "Listen to the Music." As the saying goes, the rest is history.

They had another hit with a decent reworking of the Byrds' "Jesus Is Just All Right" but they've returned to the "Listen to the Music" style on the single from this album, "Long Train Runnin'." Not only does this open with a highly similar acoustic guitar intro – as in "Listen to the Music" – but the damn thing cops generously from Quicksilver's "Fresh Air," which was (almost) to Quicksilver what "Listen to the Music" is to the Doobies: you end up hearing the same song return in various shapes and forms on each succeeding LP. Johnston's use of "Fresh Air" is pure genius, which confirms that while he is certainly no John Fogerty, he nevertheless has an idea of what rock lovers enjoy listening to.

The rest of *The Captain and Me* is very similar: non-adventurous, rather formulaic, but cleanly produced, grabbing in the right places and borrowing from anywhere possible; for example, the guitar on "Dark Eyed Cajun Woman" comes note for note from "Diving Duck Blues." Johnston's rough voice and steady guitar keep the album from sounding like it was computer programmed, and the listening experience is ultimately uncomplicated, easy and pleasurable. There is a middle-ground between raunch and schlock – The Doobie Brothers have found it, taken advantage of it, and no doubt they intend to stay there.

B.R.

ARE YOU ON SOMETHING? –
Ray D'Ariano – (Kama Sutra)

It was inevitable that the popularity of Cheech and Chong would spawn the release of similar comedy LP's. Ray D'Ariano, at first glance, would follow this pattern, but there's one hitch: the guy's actually good! His ideas are fairly original, and while he's not screamingly funny, what he tackles he does admirably. When it's called for, the production is quite good; not on the level of Firesign Theatre, but on the best segment, the nine-minute "Radio Suite," it is as realistic as possible – down to how each radio station actually sounds (the quality of the sound, not necessarily what is being said.)

The "Radio Suite" is authentic and funny at the same time: the only trouble is that you have to be somewhat familiar with New York City radio to fully appreciate it. The take-offs on "Cousin Brucie," the suburban Top-40 stations, late-night talk shows, soul stations, and especially listener-supported stations are as realistic as can be. He demonstrates a very good grasp of what the radio spectrum is about.

He's got some fresh ideas for semi-original subjects: the initial meeting of two freshman college dorm roommates (his voices on this are perfect), a great put-down of "How to Make It with Chicks" come-ons (this one is sleaze personified), and drug advertisements ("I'm Misable," which has an underlying, but very underlying, voice of social consciousness.)

As with most comedy albums, past the tenth or so listening you may want to toss it out the window, but when his bits are new they are just about as good as anything the "new comedy" has produced.

B.R.

TWICE REMOVED FROM YESTERDAY –
Robin Trower – (Chrysalis)

Reviewed by Michael Hogan

Both in spirit and intention, *Twice Removed* is Robin Trower's respectful effort to interpret his own feelings concerning rhythm and blues and, to a slightly lesser degree, Jimi Hendrix.

As Procol Harum's lead guitarist from *Whiter Shade of Pale* through *Broken Barricades*, his writing – which didn't appear on disc until *Salty Dog* – drifted from hard-core blues-rock types like "Juicy John Pink" to the Stax/Volt-ish ballad "Crucifiction Lane." Further along, the quasi-prophetic "About to Die" predated by one album the haunting "Song for a Dreamer," written by Keith Reid and Trower after learning of Hendrix' death. Trower's writings, though sometimes derivitive, were generally interesting and occasionally unique and always gave Procol a direction they weren't getting from any other member.

Between *Barricades* and *In Concert*, Trower and the group tired of one another – as had had happened earlier with Matthew Fisher – and he found himself looking for an outlet.

In late 1971, along the way to *Twice Removed*, he formed Jude: a sad song becoming sadder. The project was shelved without even having reached the studio. Though he did manage to salvage a writing partnership with Jim Dewar, Jude's bassist, the two needed a third side. They eventually found it in Reg Isadore, ex-Quiver drummer.

Under the guiding ears of producer Matthew Fisher, "I Can't Wait Much Longer," which would've been an unusual bonus for Procul's *Grand Hotel*, became a well-muscled intro to *Twice Removed*, travelling along in its low-gear stealth and providing a comfortable vehicle for Dewar's competent, but unspectacular vocals. Add Trower's long, sinewy guitar lines – a stylistic hybrid of Trower/Hendrix –

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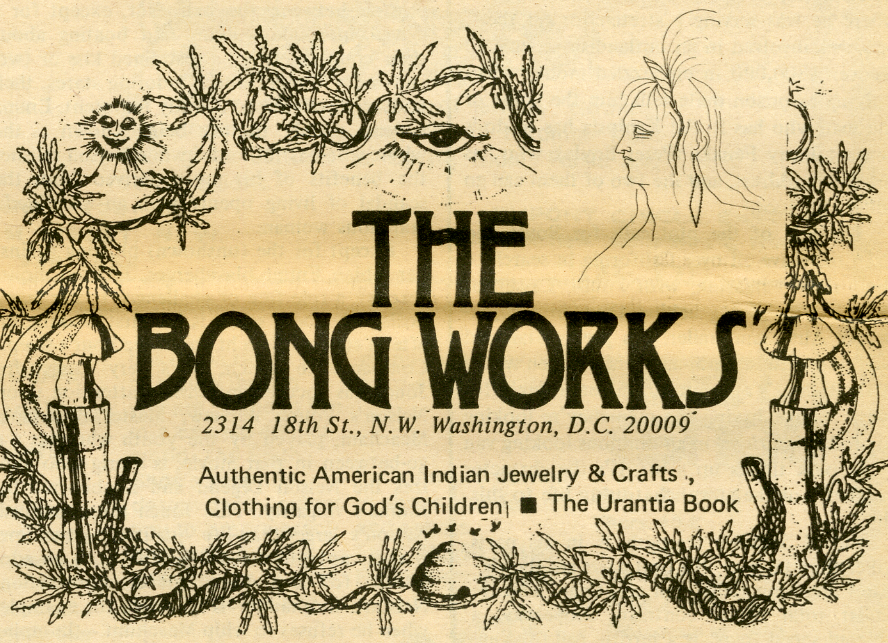

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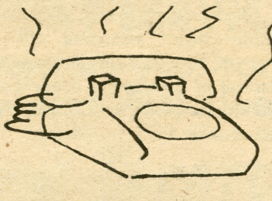

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to Dewar's bass and a very nice, searing sound (gotten by slightly phasing Isadore's cymbal) and the Stones' "Play with Fire" goes out with a fizzle.

"Daydream" drags out too long for the pace of its content. Not until the instrumental break of "Hannah" does the sleepy-eyed listener feel he's being asked to dance again. The high spirited "Man of the World" closes the zipper on side one with a cool, slightly Gaye-ish sounding vocal to what is seemingly a variation of "Heard It Through the Grapevine." It's nice, even if you liked the original, since Trower managed to freshen up the tune a bit: for me, another two minutes would've been even more enjoyable.

Side two opens with the Hendrix influence a bit more blatant in "I Can't Stand It." As it turns out, however, Trower is faithful to Jimi's talents and doesn't seem to be taking on something he can't handle. "Rock Me Baby," the B.B. King standard, is brushed off one more time and churns to life in Trower's rockin' guitar. All the while, Dewar's rolling bass and Isadore's sturdy beat back up Robin as he slips through a few more Hendrix licks.

The likeable title song, which follows, recalls "Song for a Dreamer," twice removed from yesterday, while "Sinner's Song" is a so-so tune built around a solo break reminiscent of Hendrix "Third Stone from the Sun." The closing tune, "Ballerina," starts off slowly drifts through some quiet lyrics, and then floats off into some gravity-defying guitar work from Trower.

Twice Removed is a strong, but markedly derivitive, piece of work from a foursome (including Fisher) that could very well produce an important album. But only if and when memories and influences can be kept from overbalancing the project, rather built on than built in.

DIXIE CHICKEN –

Little Feat – (Warner Brothers)

Reviewed by Bruce Dickenson

Somewhere deep in the chronicles of rock mythology, it is said (with reverence and quiet dignity) that "Mick Jagger listens to Little Feat." Not only that, but he "borrows" heavily from Little Feat. One need only compare Little Feat's last endeavor, *Sailin' Shoes*, with *Exile on Main Street*, which was released almost a year later. Compare "Teenage Nervous Breakdown" with "Rip this Joint." Compare "Sailin' Shoes" with "Torn and Frayed." In addition to sounding alike and providing identical atmospheres when paired together, they serve the same *function* in their respective LP's If Mick is to stay on top, he'd better keep listening.

Now we come to the most recent Little Feat album, *Dixie Chicken*. It's an album by a group that appears to be bursting at the seams with vibrant energy, fresh ideas and talent. with a little luck, their ideas could be a very major force in rock music in the years to come. They could take over.

The fact that Little Feat's leader, Lowel George, was once a guitarist in The Mothers is really of little consequence other than it's an indication that Lowell George is not a normal person. Songs like "Fat Man in the Bathtub" further confirm this fact. It's a zany piece of music which – like the rest of the album – can't be easily classified into any of the standard categories (rock, R and B, sould, etc) "Juliett" 's flute riffs even draw from romantic classicism.

The songs may be a little weird to some people, but then, intense originality often does seem weird at first, doesn't it? The title cut is a strong, rhythmically cohesive, catchy tune. Its chorus is infectiously happy, the kind you find yourself humming at all sorts of weird moments. There's even a song ("Kiss It Off") about a "Milquetoast Hitler." Now who could that be?

A WIZARD, A TRUE STAR –

Todd Rundgren -- (Bearsville)

Reviewed by David Logan

Todd Rundgren has come a long way since his days with Nazz and his single of 1971, "We Gotta Get You a Woman." So much so that he can put out, in 1973, an album that is a radical departure from the traditional form of the LP. *A Wizard, A True Star* contains 56 minutes of music on two sides of vinyl, and the vehicles are not the extended instrumental riffs so popular in the last several years, but rather an amalgam of different song lengths ranging from several at 1:10 to a 10:35 medley. Fifty-six minutes of some good music and some bad. T.R. herein forges into new territory for himself – I hesitate to call it a "concept" album, as he does – both in form and content, and he does so with some success.

Known chiefly for his ballads up through his last release, *Something/Anything?*, he moves into a dangerous realm on side one of *A Wizard*: that of the vaudeville/rock hybrid, explored most thoroughly by the Kinks. Although there seems, to my linear mind, to be no clear thread throughout the whole work, it is obvious that on side one he is poking fun at music stardom. The tone of self-mockery and conscious ecclecticism comes off pretty well – the side moves through such diverse topics as Never Never Land, Rock and Roll Pussy, Zen, DaDa and Dali. It never seems to dwell too long on any one of them and manages, in the end, to paint an impressionistic painting of, well, an impressionistic painting. To this end he heavily utilizes studio techniques, but relies more on a back-up group than on *Something*. Sometimes it's overdone, but for the most part he keeps things under control with remarkable aplomb.

A Wizard, A True Star is by no means a great album. It has lapses in both style and content that are at times serious. But this LP is, most importantly, a break with a safe, conservative past that was well-serving, but is now outgrown. He may not reach nova-power, but the explorations on this album make this True Star's experiment one of the most important of the young year.

PERFORMANCE

By Roger Meersman

When the American Ballet Theatre recently finished its Washington season it had, over a period of two weeks, once again demonstrated quite clearly why it is one of the greatest of all dance companies. In its previous visits here during the past two years, the company has relied for much of its phenomenal artistic strength upon such internationally acclaimed stars as Carla Fracci, Natalia Makarova and Ivan Nagy, as well as the recently retired Eric Bruhn. However, none of these dancers appeared here during this last engagement. To have at least three of its principal dancers missing could be a disaster for many a company; but night after night, the ABT often called upon less well known, but equally gifted, performers to dance the demanding repertoire.

Consequently, the audiences were fortunate to see the debut of some dancers in main roles and to be present at the birth of some truly promising careers, like that of Fernando Bujones, just 18, who electrified audiences with his strength and commanding stage presence.

However, no matter how great and versatile the company, it did have some uncomfortable moments – like *Scherzo for Massah Jack*, a new ballet choreographed by Lar Lubovitch. Maybe on repeated viewings a positive impression would be gained of this work, but it does seem to be lacking any particular point of view. Not that a dance has to follow a story line or make a Big Statement, but there has to be some style, form, content or developmental line that serves as a unifying force and aids the dancers in communicating to the audience.

By having a Tudor masterpiece, *Jardin aux Lilas (The Lilac Garden)* immediately following *Scherzo* only make Lubovitch's efforts seem thin by comparison. Although it has been in the ABT repertoire for over 30 years, *Lilas'* impact remains undiminished. Why, then is it more powerful after 30 years than *Scherzo* which is only a few months old? Quite simply, Tudor found such perfect expression for his theme of unfulfilled love that time only adds to the lustre of the ballet.

Easter Sunday was saved by the radiant, captivating dancing of Christine Sarry and Terry Orr in *Rodeo*. Although 20 years old, this ballet is, too, as exhilirating today as the first day it was danced. Sarry and Orr have that unique ability to convince that it is their story, and theirs alone, that is being told.

Although I dreaded seeing another *Coppelia* – this is the sixth in the last couple years – the combination of Sarry and Orr again made the story theirs and I found myself watching the ballet with renewed interest.

All the acclaim given by critics around the world to Paolo Bartoluzzi is justified in his performance as Prince Siegfried in *Swan Lake*. It provides a model for other dancers to emulate. Rarely is a danseur capable of being a dominant force in *Swan Lake*; after all, it's primarily a ballerina's vehicle. But Bartoluzzi makes things happen. He also managed to spark the somewhat lacking performance of Eleanor D'Antuono into an illuminated ballet, culminating in the Black Swan pas de deux, in an incredibly satisfying experience. *Swan Lake* makes you realize not only what a glorious combination these two dancers make, but also what a glorious company the ABT is.

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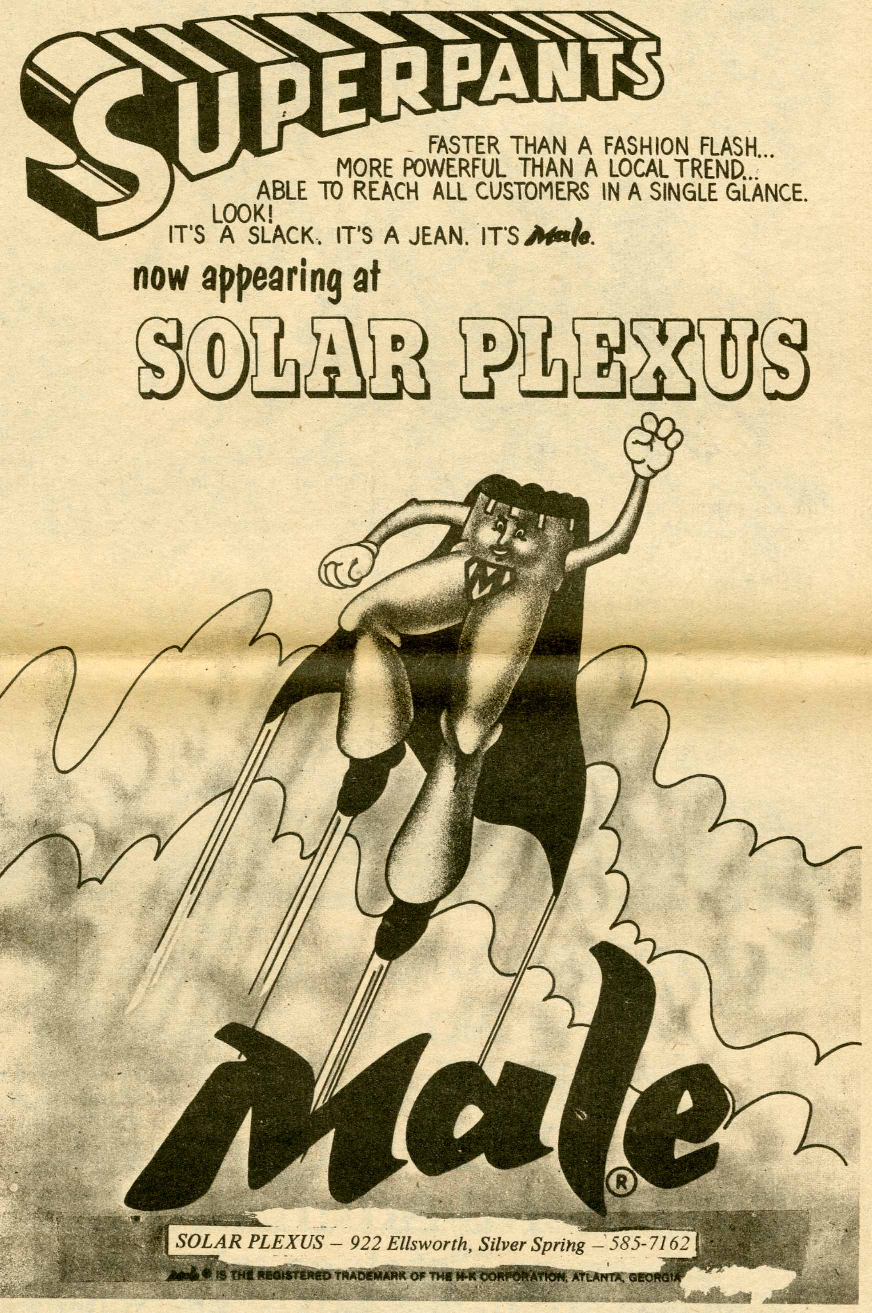
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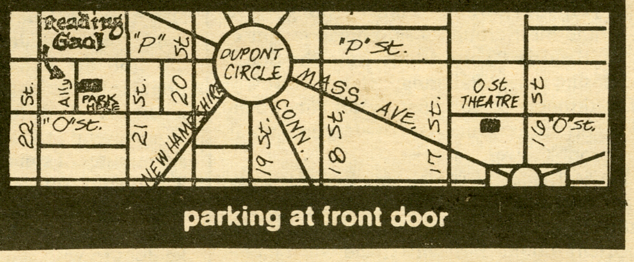
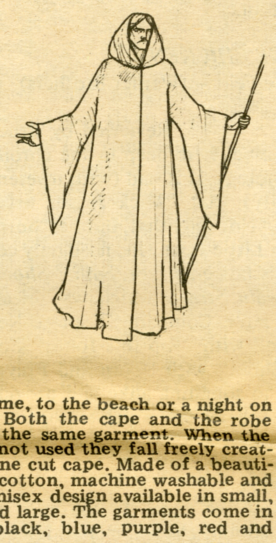
(Between 21st and 22nd off O St.)



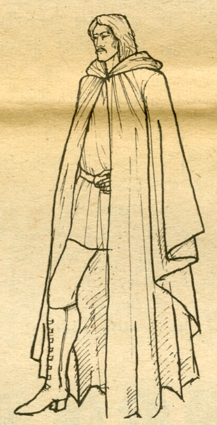
parking at front door

$20

Caelestis OCCULT DESIGNS



THE UNIQUE CAPE ROBE



Wear at home, to the beach or a night on the town. Both the cape and the robe shown are the same garment. When the sleeves are not used they fall freely creating a full line cut cape. Made of a beautiful Batiste cotton, machine washable and dryable. Unisex design available in small, medium and large. The garments come in tones of black, blue, purple, red and white.

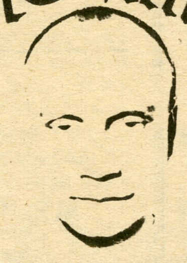
Oriental style Kaftan also available in the same fabric and colors for $20.

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER:

With the purchase of two or more garments plus $5.00, you will receive a beautifully polished and lacquer-protected Caelestis Solid Brass Walking Cane.

Add $1 for shipping and handling. Send check or money order to Caelestis, 79 Pearl Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

Sri Chinmoy



A FEATURE LENGTH COLOR DOCUMENTARY FILM. THE EXPERIENCE OF MEDITATION IN THE DAILY LIFE OF AN INDIAN MASTER LIVING IN AMERICA. ORIGINAL MUSIC BY MAHAVISHNU JOHN McLAUGHLIN.

~INNER CIRCLE THEATRE~
SATURDAYS – MARCH 19 & 26 12:30 P.M.

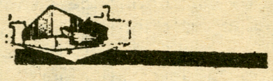
hair factory inc.
master haircutters

2632
columbia pike
arlington, va.

920-1144

CONCERTS

Baltimore Civic Center



JUNE 2—8 P.M.
CHICAGO

All Tickets
$5.50, $6.50, $7.50
ON TICKETRON

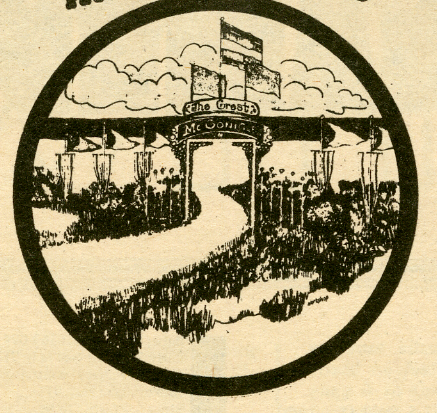
New Era Follies
presents:

COMMANDER CODY

& his lost planet airmen

WED. MAY 9
8 & 10pm
TRINITY THEATRE
(G'TOWN) 36th & 'O' Streets, N.W.
TICKETS: $4

THE GREAT MC GONIGLE'S
FUNKY OLD SEASIDE PARK
ANNAPOLIS, MD



FRANK ZAPPA

and the Mothers of Invention

Sat., May 19, 8 p.m.

$5

Directions: Take Rt. 50 to Parole Edgewater Exit. Go straight across to Riva Rd. Go one block to Gas & Electric Co. at Forest Dr. then turn left and follow 4 miles. Watch for McGonigle's sign on left.

FREE PARKING AT PARK

TICKETS FOR ZAPPA GO ON SALE MAY 11

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT TICKETRON
FOR INFO CALL: 965-9650

S&J CONCERTS PRESENT

IN CONCERT AT DAR CONSTITUTION HALL

BOBBY WOMACK
& PERSUASIONS
& SOUL SEARCHERS
May 12—8:30 p.m.
Tickets $4.00, $5.00, $6.00

Available at SOUL SHACK, 1221 G St. N.W.; Duckey's Quack Shack, 1818 Benning Rd. N.E.; GLEN MUSIC, 1331 F St. N.W.; SABIN'S 3212 Pa. Ave. S.E.; ERNIE, 815 Southern Avenue, and 2313 Martin Luther King Blvd. S.E.; STYLE SHOP, 819 H St. N.E., and all TICKETRON Locations including SEARS, WOODIES, and AAA. For Ticket info. call 338-5992.

ELLA FITZGERALD
with ROY ELDRIDGE
and EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS
May 19—8:30 p.m.
Tickets—$5.50, $6.50, $7.50
Available at all TICKETRON locations including SEARS, WOODIES, and AAA. Ticket Info. 338-5992

DOC WATSON
ERIC WEISSERG
& DELIVERANCE
(Dueling Banjos)
with SELDOM SEEN
May 26—8:30 p.m.
Tickets—$3.50, $4.50, $5.50

DOOBIE BROS. & ARGENT
May 27—8:30 p.m.
Tickets—$4.00, $5.00, $6.00
Tickets for DOC WATSON, WEISBERG, DOOBIE BROS. & ARGENT available at all TICKETRON LOCATIONS including SEARS, WOODIES and AAA. For ticket info. call 338-5992

IN CONCERT AT THE KENNEDY CENTER

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
& RITA COOLIDGE
May 18—8:30 p.m.
Tickets—$4.50, $5.00, $6.50

Mail Order for Kristofferson Make Checks Payable to Kennedy Center, Mail to Kristofferson Concert, Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C. Tickets available at all TICKETRON locations including SEARS, WOODIES, and AAA, and at KENNEDY CENTER BOX OFFICE. For ticket information call 338-5992.

May 8 – 12 Phil Ochs DANA COOPER
May 14 – 19 Biff Rose EVERNOW
May 21 – 26 (To be announced)
May 28 – June 9 Chick Corea
June 4 – 9 LES McCANN w/ Jimmy Walker
June 11 – 16 EARL SCRUGGS w/ Liz Meyer

The Cellar Door

Hootenanny every Sunday

34th & M St. N.W.
GEORGETOWN
Reservations:
337–3389

Live Entertainment
Tues—Sat
9p.m.-2a.m.

MAY 8 - 12 and 16, 17, 22
Liz Meyer & Friends
MAY 10
II Generation
MAY 18 & 19
Babe
Coming May 26 - 28: Bruce Springstein

The Childe Harold

483–6702

1610 20th Street, N.W
at Connecticut Avenue

CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

TUESDAY, MAY 8

BIRTHDAYS

Rick Nelson, Red Nichols, Paul. S. Smith (Yardbirds)

MUSIC

Anthony Newman – organist – Bach; JFK; 8:30; 254-3600
Phil Ochs/Dana Cooper; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Lou Rawls; the Stardust; 843-6233
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 483-6702

FILMS

Sinbad; AFI; 6:30 & 9:00; 833-9300

EVENTS

opera – NYC Opera: Carmen; JFK; 8:00 254-3600
boxing – Ken Norton v. "Mole-Man" Williams; D.C. Armory; 7pm; $5 - $10.
lecure – Intro to Transcend. Meditation; G'town Public Library (Wisc. & S); 8:00
lecture – My 20 Years of Kinetic Construction: Geo. Rickey; Granite Gallery; NCFA; Noon; Free

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9

BIRTHDAYS

Billy Joel, Bruse Milner, Pete Birell, Tommy Roe, Colin Allen, Richie Furay

MUSIC

Sergui Luca – violin – Bach; JFK; 8:30; 254-3600
Cathedral Choral Soc.; Wash. Nat'l Cathedral; 8:00 $3.50-$8 966-3423
Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen; Trinity Theatre; $4; 965-9650
Phil Ochs/Dana Cooper (see May 8)
Lou Rawls (see May 8)
Liz Meyer & Friends (See May 8)
Hickory; Mr. Henry's, Tenley Circle; 323-7281
Early Van Pelt; Reading Gaol; 833-3882

FILMS

The Confrontation (6:30) & Love Film (9:00) AFI 833-9300

EVENTS

opera – NYC Opera – Mefistofele (see May 8)
lecture – The Astrological Fulfillment of the Personality; ISIS Center, Silver Spring; 8pm; $2.50; 585-2886
lecure – Intro. to Transcend. Medit.; Clevland Pk Library; (Conn. & Macomb); 8pm

THURSDAY, MAY 10

BIRTHDAYS

Jay Ferguson, Pee Wee Hunt

MUSIC

Jeff Weiser w/ II Generation; Childe Harold; 483-6702
Thomas Igloi – cello – Bach; JFK; 8:30; 254-3600
Phil Ochs/Dana Cooper (see May 8)
Lou Rawls (see May 8)
Early Van Pelt (see May 9)
Hickory (see May 9)

FILMS

Horizon (6:30) & Falcons (9:00); AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

opera – NYC Opera – Rosenkavalier (see May 8)
lecture – Intro to Transcend. Medit. Pr. Geo. Plaza Comm. Center; 7:30
lecture – John Kenneth Galbraith – The Sad News: We Can't Have Two Conservative Parties; WNDC; 12:15; $3; AD2-7363
dance – Dance Concert; Theatre Project; Balto.

FRIDAY, MAY 11

BIRTHDAYS

Eric Burdon, Irving Berlin, John Shadwick, Butch Trucks

MUSIC

National Symphony Orch. – Bach; JFK; 8:30; 254-3600
The Academy Trio; Coolidge Aud.; 8:30; 393-4463
Phil Ochs/Dana Cooper (see May 8)
Lou Rawls (see May 8)
Liz Meyer (see May 8)
Babe; the Far Inn; 363-0941
Early Van Pelt (see May 9)
Batyah Godfrey; contralto; Lyric Theatre; 8:30; 727-7300
Hickory (see May 9)
Bluegrass (artist to be announced); Black Crystal; Arlington; 920-3800

FILMS

The Upthrown Stone (6:30) & Love Emilia/The Lady from Constantinople (9); AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

opera – NYC Opera – Tosca (see May 8)
theatre – Earth Onion Women's Theatre; Wash. Theatre Club, O St.Theatre; 8pm; 466-8860
theatre – Taming of the Shrew; 813 20th St., N.W. 8:30 244-4046
theatre – Moving Works: mixed-media dance theatre; Balt. Theatre Project; 10;30 pm

SATURDAY, MAY 12

BIRTHDAYS

Norman Whitfield, Steve Winwood, Burt Bacharach, Jayotis Washington, Ian McLaughan

MUSIC

National Symphony Orchestra – Bach; JFK; 8:30; 254-3600
Anthony Newman; midnight (see May 8)
Phil Ochs/Dana Cooper (see May 8)
Lou Rawls (see May 8)
Bobby Womack, Persuasions; Soul Searchers; DAR; 8:30 $4-$6; 338-5992
Liz Meyer & Friends (see May 8)
Babe; (see May 11)
Hickory (see May 9)
Early Van Pelt (see May 9)
Bluegrass (see May 11)

FILMS

Grimaces (4), Sinbad (6:30; Love Emelia!/Lady from Constantinople; AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

opera – NYC Opera – Carmen [2pm] (see May 8)
NYC Opera – Traviata (see May 8)
theatre – earth onion (see May 11)
Taming of the shrew (see May 11)
illustrated lecture – Develop. of U.S. Army Uniforms: Revolutionary War to WWII; Nat'l Mus. of Hist. & Tech. 2:30
theatre – Triboro Bridge; Jewish Comm. Center; Rockville; 8pm; 881-0100

SUNDAY, MAY 13

BIRTHDAYS

Mary Wells, Pete Seeger, Stevie Wonder, Louis Prima, Ritchie Valens, Overend Watts

MUSIC

Sergui Luca – violin (see May 9)
Hootenanny; Cellar Door; 337-3389
"Golden Oldies"; French Underground; 293-3366

FILMS

I Remember Mama (4); Psycho (6:30 & 9) AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

opera – NYC Opera – Mefistofele; [2 pm] (see May 8)
NYC Opera – Rosenkavalier (see May 8)
theatre – earth onion (see May 11)
Taming of the Shrew [7:30] (see May 11)
Triboro Bridge (see May 12)

MONDAY, MAY 14

BIRTHDAYS

Gene Cornish, Jack Bruce Bobby Darin

MUSIC

Thomas Igloi – (see May 10)
Theatre Chamber Players; Washington Theatre Club; 8:30; $2.08 – $4.68; 466-8860
Martha Connolly – soprano; No. Va. Comm. Coll.; 12:05
Liz Meyer & Friends; the Keg; 333-9495
Biff Rose/Evernow; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Early Van Pelt (see May 9)

FILMS

Just Pals/Judge Priest; AFI; 7:30; 833-9300

TUESDAY, MAY 15

BIRTHDAYS

Trini Lopez, Eddy Arnold

MUSIC

National Symphony Orchestra (see May 11)
Inter-American Chamber Singers; Marvin Theatre; $2-$5; 8 676-7410
Biff Rose/Evernow (see May 14)
Early Van Pelt (see May 9)

FILMS

The Confrontation (6:30)/Horizon (9); AFI; 833-9300
The Hollywood Dream Factory; Enoch Pratt Free Library; 2pm; 685-6700 (301)
Citizen Kane; Goucher Coll.; 7:30; 825-3300

EVENTS

ballet – Nat'l Ballet of Canada – Nureyev in full-length Sleeping Beauty; JFK; 8pm; 254-3600

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16

BIRTHDAYS

Woody Herman, Robert Fripp

MUSIC

Arlington Met. Chorus; Nat'l Presbyterian Church; 8:30 $3.50, students $1.50
Liz Meyer & Friends (see May 9)
Early Van Pelt; (see May 9)
Biff Rose/Evernow (see May 14)

FILMS

The Valley (6:30)/Love Film (9); AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

ballet – Nat'l Ballet of Canada (see May 15)
lecture – Intro to Transcend. Medit.; Chevy Chase Library; 8pm
poetry reading – International readings; Textile Museum; 8 667-0442

THURSDAY, MAY 17

BIRTHDAYS

Malcom Hale, Bill Bruford

MUSIC

National Symphony Orchestra (see May 12)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see May 8)
Early Van Pelt (see May 9)
Biff Rose/Evernow (see May 14)

FILMS

The Last Goat; 6:30 & 9; AFI; 8339300
Creative Screen – the Eternal Forest; Endless Chain; Design necessity; Grand Salon; Renwick Gallery; 11:15 – 2:15, on the quarter-hour

EVENTS

ballet – Nat'l Ballet of Canada (see May 15)
lecture & dinner – X-Rated Film: Population Growth & the American Future w/ Hugh Down; WNDC; 6:30; $3.75; AD2-7363

FRIDAY, MAY 18

BIRTHDAYS

Perry Como, Joe Turner, Bill Wallace, Enzio Pinza, Rick Wakeman

MUSIC

Franki Valli & the Four Seasons; the Stardust; 843-6233
Kris Kristofferson & Rita Coolidge; JFK; 8:30; $4.50-$6.50 338-5992
Babe; Childe Harold; 483-6702
Early Van Pelt (see May 9)
Biff Rose/Evernow (see May 14)

FILMS

Falcons (6:30)/Love Emilia & Lady from Constantinople; AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

ballet – Nat'l Ballet of Canada (see May 15)

theatre – earth onion (see May 11)
Taming of the Shrew (see May 11)

SATURDAY, MAY 19

BIRTHDAYS

Mickey Newberry, Peter Townsend, Gregor Piatigorsky

MUSIC

GREAT OPENING OF THE GREAT McGONIGLE'S SEA-SIDE PARK IN ANNAPOLIS, MD. with FRANK ZAPPA 8 pm; $5; 965-9650
Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons (see May 18)
Ella Fitzgerald, Roy Eldridge w/ Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis; DAR; 8:30; 338-5592
Babe (see May 18)
Early Van Pelt (see May 9)
Chamber Music Soc. of Lincoln Ctr w/ cellist Gregor Piatigorsky; JFK; 8:30; 254-3600 [It's his birthday!]

FILMS

The Boys of Paul Street (4)/The Valley (6:30)/Sinbad (9); AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

ballet – Nat'l Ballet of Canada (see May 15)
Va. Ballet Co. – Walpurgis Night Folklore; W. Springfield H.S.; 8pm; $1.50; 321-8009
Fairfax Ballet Co; T.C. Williams H.S.; 3pm; $1.50; 591-3710
theatre – earth onion (see May 11)
Taming of the Shrew (see May 11)
Children's Day; NCFA; 10am - 4pm; 381-6541 [[See IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD, inside, page 2]]

SUNDAY, MAY 20

BIRTHDAYS

Cher, Susie Cowsill, Joe Cocker

MUSIC

Washington Chamber Players & Singers; JFK; 8:30; $3.50-$7.50; 544-0200
King David – Balt. Choral Arts Soc.; Goucher Coll.; 7:30 825-3300
Hootenanny; Cellar Door; 337-3389
"Golden Oldies," French Underground; 193-3366

FILMS

Grimaces (4)/Spellbound (6:30 & 9); AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS

ballet – see May 19
theatre – see May 19

MONDAY, MAY 21

BIRTHDAYS

Hilton Valentine, Ron Isley

MUSIC

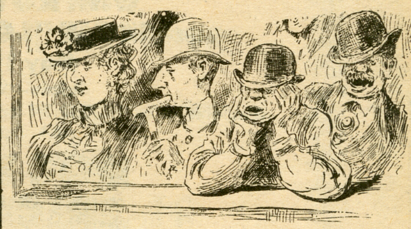
Liz Meyer & Friends; the Keg; 333-9495

FILMS

Young Mr. Lincoln/Prisoner of Shark Island; AFI; 6:30 & 9:00; 833-9300

EVENTS

lecture – Why Progressive Republicans Should Join Today's Democratic Party; WNDC; 12:15; $3; AD2-7363



Woodwind
WOODWIND